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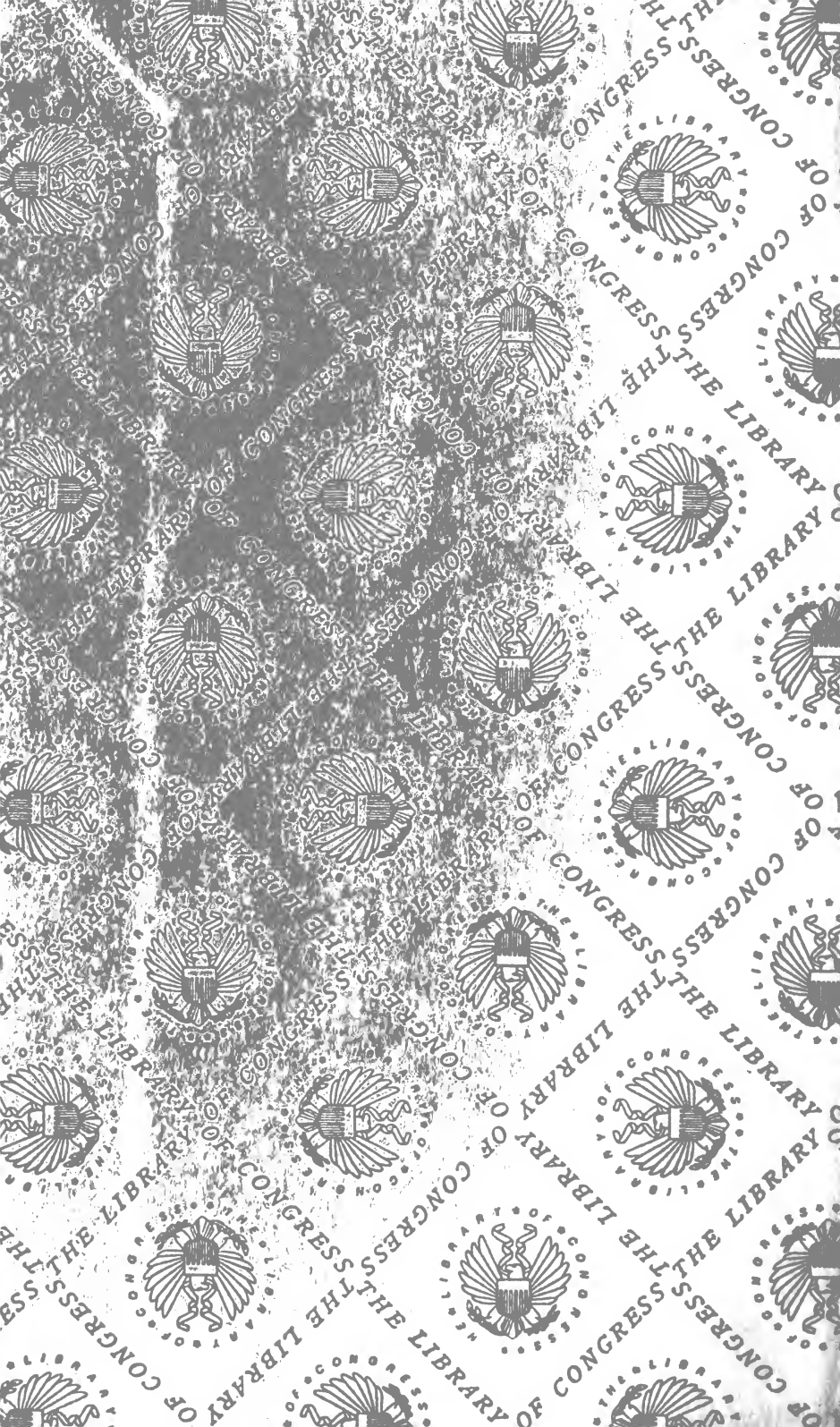
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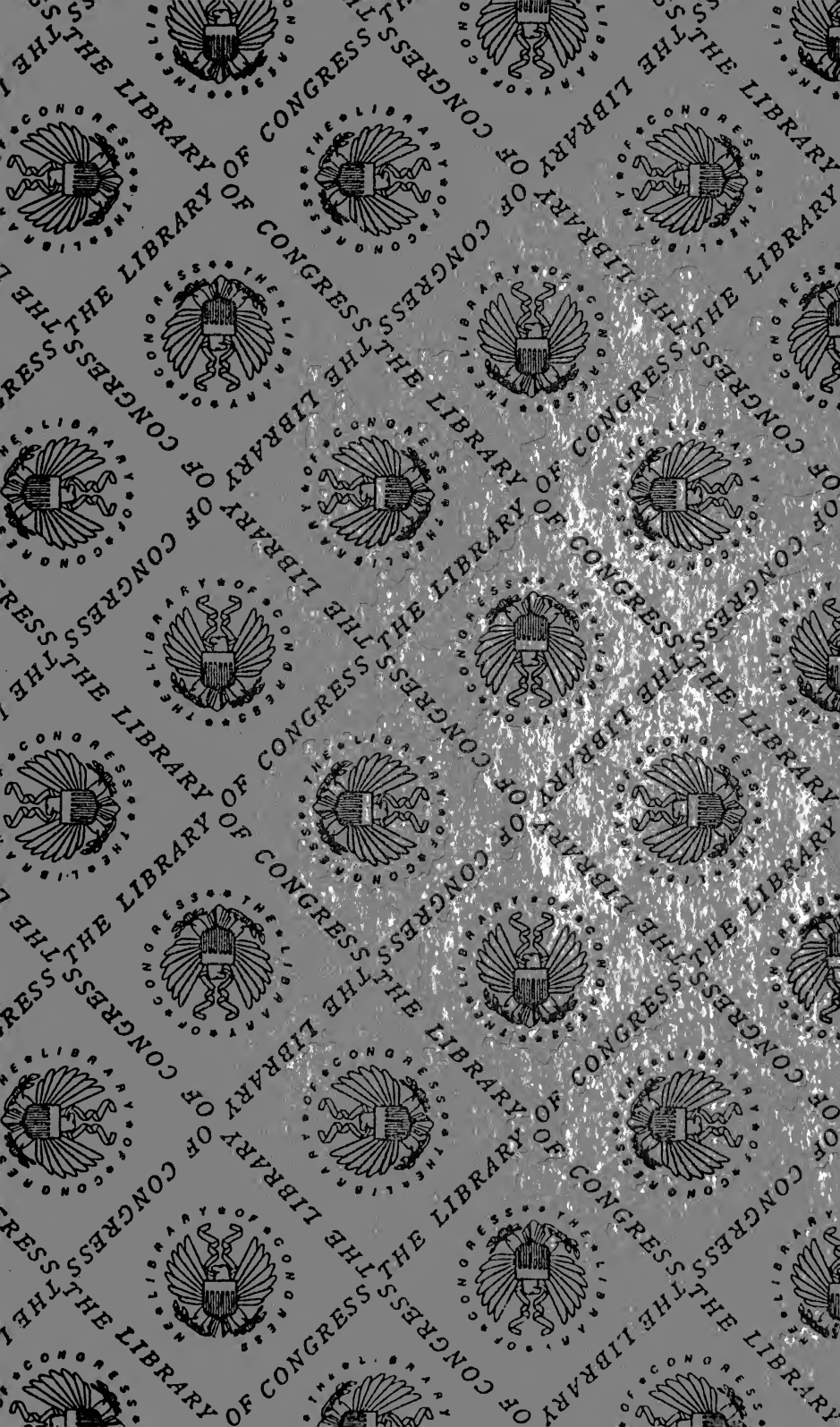
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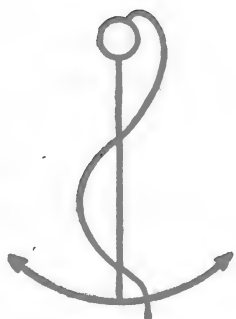




SONGS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA



SONGS OF THE  
SUSQUEHANNA BY  
FREDERIC BRUSH



PORTLAND MAINE  
THE MOSHER PRESS  
MDCCCCXIV

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# SONG OF THE HUNTED

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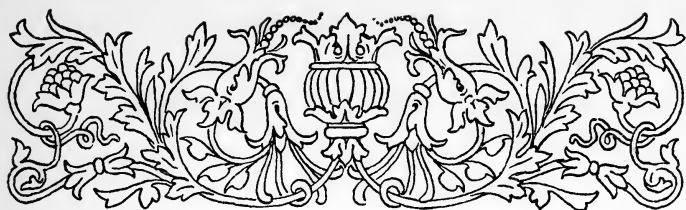
THE HUNTER

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## SONG OF THE HUNTED



WAKE, awake, and the sun-kiss take !

Open the cave-dulled eye,  
Sport freely in the open,  
Let out the wild woods cry.

He came to snare,

He came to kill,  
He of the iron arm and will ;  
But under the cliff he lieth still,  
And no one saw him die.

Leap ! breast and cleave the frosty air !

Beat the blue lakes to foam.

Tell all the young in nest and lair

The highland yet is home.

He came to kill,

He came to snare,

But the gray fox found him lying there,

And all dark red was his matted hair,—

Roam, ye of the forest, roam.

Then awake, awake, and the sun-kiss take !

We have turned the evil thing.

No beast shall drag the red leg home,

No bird the broken wing.

He came to maim,

He came to kill,

He of the iron arm and will ;

But under the cliff he lieth still,

And no one saw him die.

## THE GIRL AT THE MILL

# THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY  
JOHN H. COLEMAN  
OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

VOLUME I  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE YEAR 1700

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY  
JOHN H. COLEMAN  
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CITY OF BOSTON



## THE GIRL AT THE MILL

ALISON of Manatoom  
Heard the waters sith and fall  
Down the old flume's mossy length  
    To the ruined wall ;  
Heard the spray-fog drip and drip  
    From the mouldering undersill,  
Till with the evening shadows came  
    The Spirit of the mill :

“ Alison, Alison,  
    So life's stream doth run and run.  
Give — love and give, nor count each cost ;  
For love alone is never lost.”

Alison sat very still  
    And felt her heart's blood pause and flow ;  
It was as if a hundred years  
    There did come and go.  
Alison sat very straight  
    And tried to know what she heard,  
Straining to catch from out the mist  
    Again the whispered word.

“ Alison, Alison,——”

She was too young to hear and know,  
Too old to laugh and go away;  
And so she sat beside the mill  
And listened every day.

Alison of Manatoom

Watching waters glide and fall  
Heard once more from out the mist  
The wandering Spirit call :

“ Alison, Alison,

Life and love and you are one.  
Love — give and love, nor count each cost ;  
For love alone is never lost.”

## SPRING FLOOD



## SPRING FLOOD

I RAISED her head upon the shore,  
Until the bramble caught her hair.  
Ah ! it was good to see the sky,  
And taste the air.

The brown surge pressed her close to me ;  
I had of strength to cling and live ;  
Yet through my soul such music ran  
As angels give.

Slowly the red blood filled her lips ;  
She lived ! I wound a strand of hair  
Around the precious willow stem,  
And kissed her there.

I sometimes wish the tugging flood  
Had loosed me then and borne me down.  
It were not bad at life's full tide  
To kiss and drown.

For when with first inquiring breath  
She called another's name that day,  
I knew that I was out upon  
A long new way.

# BRING IT ON

It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel.

It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel.

It's not that I'm a rebel,  
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It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel,  
It's not that I'm a rebel.

## TWO IN A VALLEY

## TWO IN A VALLEY

THEY WERE THE ONLY TWO WHO WERE LEFT

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## TWO IN A VALLEY

**W**E worked for years together by the streams  
That grind and shift the glittering sands of gain.  
I called him friend, thinking I knew him, all —  
His pleasure and his pain.

Then in the hour of flood and flame and fear,  
With choice and chance and destiny at grips,  
I broke through hedge and inner field to press  
Life's tribute on his lips.

## TWO IN A VALLEY

...and the great valley of the ...  
...and the great valley of the ...  
...and the great valley of the ...

...and the great valley of the ...  
...and the great valley of the ...  
...and the great valley of the ...

## THE HILL BOY

# THE BISHOP

THE BISHOP OF THE  
DIocese OF THE  
CATHOLIC CHURCH  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
AND  
THE  
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

THE BISHOP OF THE  
DIocese OF THE  
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IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
AND  
THE  
FEDERAL GOVERNMENT

## THE HILL BOY

**J**OE JERRY hoed in a stony field,  
Under a sweltering sun.  
The boy and the rock and the native weed  
Fought for the life in a battered seed,  
And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me,"  
Said the man with the better clothes.  
"Against you are vermin and drouth and frost ;  
You anger nature with labor lost —  
Come where a fair wind blows."

But the boy digged on in the stony field,  
With the struggle barely begun.  
"I put the seed in this ground," said he ;  
"I think I had better stay and see  
Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarried and placed the stones  
And fitted the timbers true.  
Then neighbors came with fevered eyes :  
"Gold ! — pans of gold — out there it lies !  
Shall we wait a day for you ?"

A love-voice rifted the evening calm,  
Singing the death of day.  
A tired child came and went with a kiss.  
“ I have a wife, and a house — and this :  
I think I had better stay.”

# CANOE





## CANOE

HEAVE along, heave along,  
Swinging away from care and wrong,  
Lift of love and the current strong  
Bearing us on together.  
Sway and dip down the eddying tide,  
Graze the rock and laughing glide  
Out on the foamy pool to ride  
Light as a fallen feather.

Let eye meet with eye till fires  
Flame and feed on new desires ;  
And when the lingering kiss expires  
Know that all worth knowing  
Still eludes the bookman's quest —  
O, ho ! he is seeking east and west.  
Will he never turn to a throbbing breast ?  
Nor follow the warm blood's flowing ?

Heave along, heave along,  
To lift of love and the croon of song ;  
Honor and youth and the current strong  
Bearing us on together.  
Drifting under the whispering boughs,  
Speak the dream, though it end in vows ;  
For the best to a man the earth allows  
Is a maiden's heart in tether.

# CANOE

THE canoe, however,  
was not very long and narrow,  
and the current strong,  
so that it was not possible  
to make any headway  
against the current. The  
canoe was not very long  
and narrow, and the current  
strong, so that it was not  
possible to make any headway  
against the current.

The canoe was not very long  
and narrow, and the current  
strong, so that it was not  
possible to make any headway  
against the current. The  
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against the current. The  
canoe was not very long  
and narrow, and the current  
strong, so that it was not  
possible to make any headway  
against the current.

## ON THE WAY

ON THE WAY

TO THE CITY

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE CITY"

AND "THE CITY"

AND "THE CITY"

AND "THE CITY"

AND "THE CITY"

AND "THE CITY"

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## ON THE WAY

### PASSION

**T**HE past is dust of withered leaves.  
Beyond, — beyond? Ah, Kiss.  
All wealth and lore of ages lies  
Here in the round depths of your eyes.  
The proof the potion and the prize  
Are in the hour — and this.

### THE WORK

Cold, cold, my boy? The day is in the east.  
Come, strive with me here on this ledge's top.  
I am the giant Sloth; put forth your best  
To hurl me over. Good! you weld and grow  
Like the young oak; three years and I'll not say,  
"Come, cast me off." Now like a man you glow;  
No borrowed fitful flare from torch or sun,  
But inner heat that follows act and breeds  
The greater action — inner fire that lights  
The way to make the morning dream the fact.

The sun now through the flexure of the hills  
Pours his red life along the valley floor;  
And every flower from the deep rest of night  
Rises jewel-crowned to meet the day's emprise.

How the light smiles upon that crescent plain  
Beyond the river ; there lies truth for dream.  
Ten years ago — another morn like this —  
I stood alone upon this height and saw,  
Where the corn glistens and the soft grain waves,  
The dark, miasmal tangle of the swamp ;  
Looked through myself into the years, and warmed ;  
Watched the foul mists arise — and dreamed the dream

And I have lived this decade — have found life,  
Making it leap across the desert's edge,  
Urging a better kind into the marsh ;  
Lived in the deed (in heaven maybe) and felt  
The old unrest go off like summer rain.  
Through the crushed embers of the passion fires,  
Stronger with years the light of deep love glows ;  
And all the dissevering forces of hot youth  
Bend to the current of the common good.

O Time, go lingeringly ! I have been given  
The place, the eye to see, the love, the will.  
There where the stream roars down the rift and eats  
Into the mellow bank the mill shall rise,  
The quick wheels sing a worthier song, and lights  
Flame in the far-off village, dimmed eyes smile  
And youth bend readier to the wisdomed page.  
Till you, alone — another morn like this —  
Shall see the hamlet spreading on the plain,

And hear the brave bells calling through the hills  
The message of the broader, kindlier life.

The moment glows. My soul mounts up and calls  
For holiday and song, and yet — the work ;  
It lies there in the valley, and we go.  
For this may be the white high day of life,  
The richest, or the holiest — or the last.

#### EVENING

Then gently as the bells are rung  
And the tired questers gather home,  
The old day spreads upon our lives  
Its monochrome.





MARSH CHILD

THE

MASSACHUSETTS

RECORDS OF THE  
LEGISLATURE  
OF THE COMMONWEALTH  
OF MASSACHUSETTS  
IN SENATE AND HOUSE  
OF REPRESENTATIVES  
FROM 1780 TO 1899  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
STATE ARCHIVES  
OF MASSACHUSETTS  
AT THE  
STATE HOUSE  
BOSTON  
1900

## MARSH CHILD

**F**AIR Colyn 's agoing to sleep  
Down where the little may-frogs peep.  
Where the waters dimly creep,  
Sweet Colyn is going to sleep.

There the pale-eyed pickerel lads  
Doze beneath the lily pads;  
And fifteen hundred frogs or so  
Have no other place to go.

Within the old stump's hollow cup  
All night the waves go plup—plup—plup.  
And when the sky is clouded o'er  
Sometimes you hear the hornpouts snore.

Hark, Colyn ! Along the grass  
I hear the whispering marsh-breeze pass.  
It wanders off across the hill,  
And now the very stars lie still.

# THE END

And the end of the world  
is the end of the world

And the end of the world  
is the end of the world

And the end of the world  
is the end of the world  
And the end of the world  
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## THE LITTLE BROTHER'S RIDE

# LITTLE BROTHERS RIDE

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THE LITTLE BROTHERS RIDE

## THE LITTLE BROTHER'S RIDE

### A BALLAD OF THE ALLEGHANIES

“WAKE, Homer, wake ! your clothes are warmed ;  
Your father brings the red mare down ;  
And you must ride by Mount Malone  
For William Bain of Travortown.

“Quick, boy ! it is your sister Nell.  
Drink this hot tea to make you bold.  
I hear the red mare at the door,  
And 't is black dark and growing cold.”

They tied the tippet round his neck ;  
They placed him on the sorrel mare.  
He spoke no word nor turned about,  
But straight into the dark did stare.

‘Now ride her fair to Mount Malone,  
And lightly till the road bends down ;  
Then ride her for your sister's life —  
If she drops dead in Travortown.”

“And go to William Bain and say,  
Our sick Nell swoons and waits to die.  
She calls for him with her last breath.  
‘Bring William Bain,’ is all her cry.”

The mother sobbed when he was gone.

“He looked so small and white,” she said ;  
Then wiped the tears and smiled and went  
To watch beside the daughter’s bed.

He rode her fairly to the height,  
Where from the cliffs the hoot-owl called.  
Black shadows leapt across the path,  
And once o’erhead the wildcat squalled.

He rode her lightly through the woods  
To where the road bends to the plain,  
Then broke a bough from overhead  
And wound his left hand in her mane.

The watchdog howled, and he was gone.  
The startled sleepers woke in dread :  
“Who rides like that to Travortown  
Rides side by side with fear,” they said.

“Who rides like that through this dark night  
Hears moans, or sees a fresh wound bleed.  
One of three loads is on his heart —  
Stayed birth, or death, or some foul deed.”

So Homer rode by farm and wood.  
He had no need of whip or word.  
The red mare felt the fear that clung,  
And knew the hope that in him stirred.



They heard the village clock strike twelve,  
The village lights were in their eyes,  
When, struggling up the last long hill,  
She staggered down and did not rise.

“My sister Nell is sick to die,  
And I am come for William Bain.”  
“He’s at the home of Edna Hale  
Where yonder light gleams in the lane.”

He found the house of Edna Hale,  
And two that stood within the shade.  
They drew and kissed a fond good night,  
And still to kiss again they stayed.

“I come for you, I come for you,  
Our Nellie faints and waits to die.  
She calls for you with her last breath, —  
‘Bring William Bain,’ is all her cry.”

Along the lonely homeward way  
The little brother stumbled back.  
Strange voices whispered from the trees,  
And gray shapes thronged the forest track.

The morning frost lay on the fields  
When he came down by Mount Malone.  
They heard the low knock at the door  
And found him lying on the stone.

The mother claspt him to her breast,  
    "Ah, God ! how small and white !" she said.  
He moaned as one in fever-sleep,  
    "Is Nellie dead ? Is Nellie dead ?"

The mother kissed thro' her own tears.  
    "She only lives to greet the morn.  
Her hand in William Bain's is laid.  
    She dies as pure as she was born."

The boy sprang up as from a sleep  
    And cried as with a sudden pain,  
Then ran into the deathbed room  
    And struck the arm of William Bain.

And took his sister's hand and stood  
    Breathless as she, and all as pale.  
"I found him by her door," he cried.  
    "I found him kissing Edna Hale."

"Oh boy, oh boy ! what have you done ?  
    You 've killed her now, you 've killed her now.  
She breathes no more — she breathes no more ;  
    The death-sweat gathers on her brow."

But slow the stricken girl rose up,  
    And life-fire gleamed within her eye.  
As from the grave they heard her voice :  
    "I will not die.—I will not die."

The life-fire burned in her wan cheek,  
And slow and solemn came her cry :  
“Go back, go back to Edna Hale —  
The brother saves. I will not die.”

By the new love that wakes the will,  
And will that lifts the sinking heart,  
All by the little brother's ride  
She lived to do the woman's part.



## FRIEND

1871

1871

Received of the Treasurer of the

City of New York the sum of \$100.00

for the purchase of the

City of New York

of the sum of \$100.00

for the purchase of the

of the sum of \$100.00

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of the sum of \$100.00

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## FRIEND

AS I staid hopeless by the yellow mounds,  
Where all the garner of the bright years lay,  
He came, and saying nothing did my work  
As 't were a common day.

When the slow season turned again he came  
And led me up where far the river gleamed,  
Telling for hours of things that were to be  
Better than youth had dreamed.

Till last the sun shone on our mount alone,  
And the old truth in bannered flame unfurled :  
The dark is rest, and ever sweeps the day  
Over a better world.

O Friend, you are the greatest gift. When fall  
The chill gray shadows on the path of life,  
You come, and bring the love of each and all —  
Child, mother, brother, wife.

# FRIDAY

At the point of the night stars lay  
The faintest light of day was  
The faintest light of day was  
The faintest light of day was

The faintest light of day was  
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WHEN WINTER COMES

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## WHEN WINTER COMES

WHEN winter comes the music of the woods,  
Save some far-carrying cry  
From out the wildest deeps,  
Sinks suddenly into an icy sigh  
And Nature sleeps.

When winter comes the gleaming rivulet,  
That all the summer long  
From underneath the hill  
Sent up unpraised its daily gift of song,  
Is hid and still.

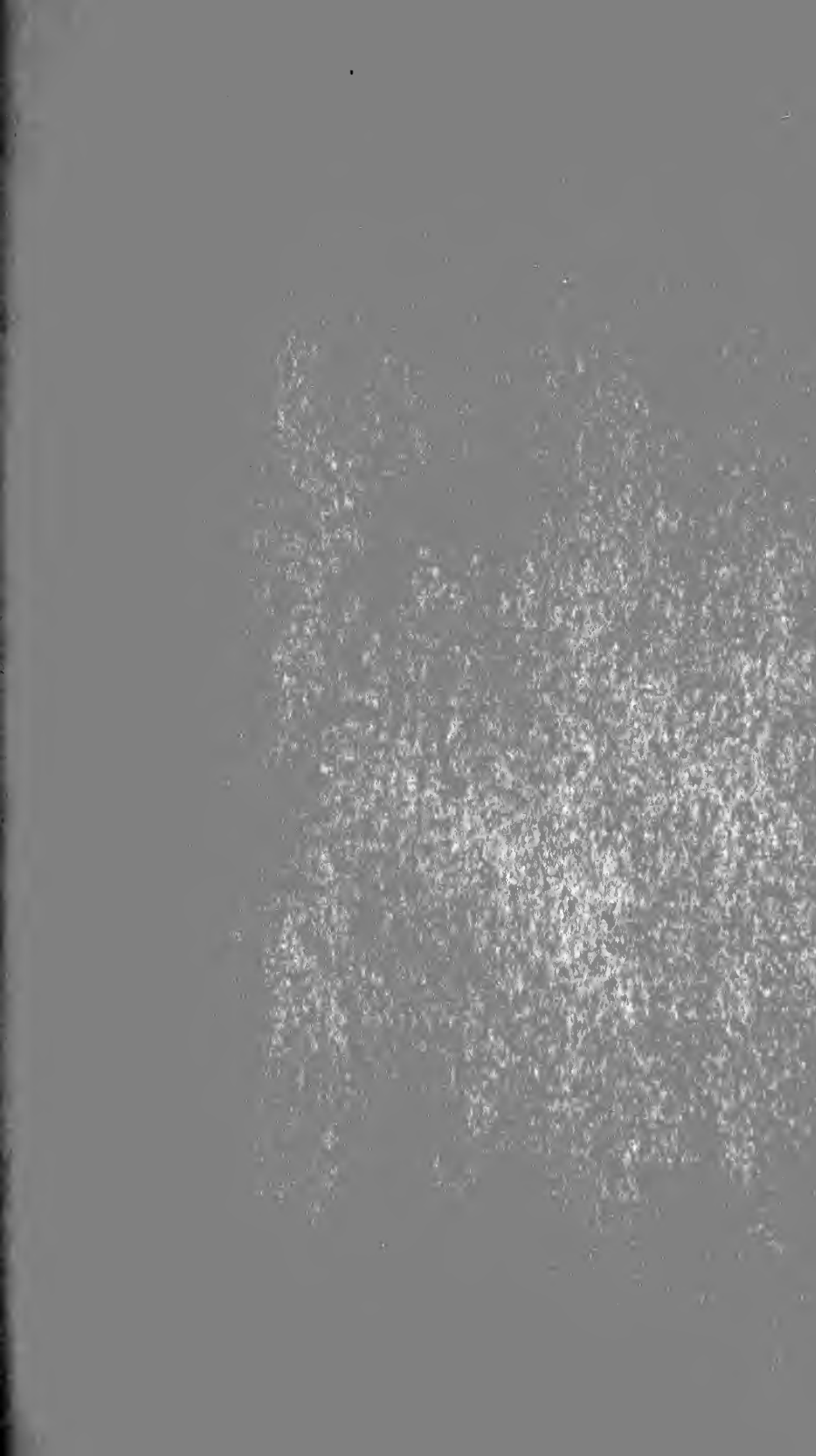
When winter comes a silence broods and falls,  
As into death. Bend low  
And listen : ah, there rings  
Through frosted forest-aisles cadences low.  
The brook still sings.

When winter comes upon my head and thine,  
With peace and childhood near,  
And hope in sunset skies ;  
The few who bend and listen still may hear  
Faint melodies.



N





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